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THREE

SONGS.

The Dawning of the Day,

Jack the Tary Sailor,

The Whale.



GLASGOW:

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The Dawning of the Day.

As I walk'd forth, one morning fair,
 In the sweet summer time,
 Each bush and tree was dress'd in green,
 And vallies in their prime;
 Returning homeward from a wake,
 Through fields I took my way,
 And there I met a comely maid,
 By dawning of the day.

No shoes nor stockings, cap or cloak,
 This lovely maid did wear;
 Her hair, like shining silver twist,
 Lay o'er her shoulders rare:
 With milking pail all in her hand,
 So noble and so gay,
 And she appear'd like Venus bright,
 At dawning of the day.

Her cheeks were like the rose in bloom,
 Her skin like lillies fair,
 Her breath like lavender perfume,
 She lovely did appear:
 She did resemble Helen fair,
 Or Flora, Queen of May;
 This angel bright did me delight
 By dawning of the day.

Said I, sweet lovely damsel fair,
 Where do you go, so soon?

She said I go a milking, Sir,
When 'tis fine, in the month of June;
The pasture where that I must go,
It is so far away,
I must get up each morning so,
By dawning of the day.

Your time enough, my dear, said I,
Suppose it were a mile,
So on this primrose bank let's sit,
And alk a little while;
O, Sir, said She, my hurry will
Admit of no delay—
Look all around, the morning breaks,
'Tis dawning of the day.

Do'nt be so very cruel,
My own true heart's delight,
For I, alas! am wounded sore,
By your rare beauty bright.
O, Sir, forbear, don't banter me,
This lovely maid did say—
I can't suppose you'd me seduce,
By dawning of the day.

As thus she spoke, my arms I twin'd
Around her slender waist,
And set her on a primrose bank,
And there did her embrace;
Leave of your freedom, Sir, she said,
And let me go my way,

The time is come, I can't delay—
'Tis dawning of the day.

But when this comely damsel
Come to herself again,
With heavy sigh, and downcast eyes,
She sorely did complain;
Young man, she said, I'm much afraid
That you will me betray—
My virgin bloom you've got too soon,
By dawning of the day.

I kiss'd my love at parting,
And then cross'd o'er the plain,
But, about seven months after,
We chanc'd to meet again;
She seemed greatly altered,
As she walk'd o'er the lea,
And carelessly I pass'd her by,
At noon-tide of the day.

The tears ran down her lovely face,
And bitterly she cry'd,
And said, young man, it is full time
That I was made your bride;
I pray make good your solemn vows,
And all you once did say,
And don't forget, the time we met,
At dawning of the day.

I said, my lovely angel,
hope you'll me excuse—

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To join with you in wedlock bands,
 Indeed I must refuse;
 For I've been lately married,
 To a maid near Bantry Bay,
 With whom I got five hundred pounds,
 By dawning of the day.

This sudden blunt refusal
 With her did ill agree;
 She said, you'll gain no credit, Sir,
 By thus deluding me,
 And my fate may be a caution
 To other maidens gay,
 Never to leave their parents' house,
 At dawning of the day.

Jack the Tary Sailor.

IT being on a summer day,
 As round the Quay I walk'd,
 I overheard a lady gay,
 Unto her father talk'd;
 He said, your love is come on shore,
 The only man whom you adore,
 From your folly I pray give o'er,
 And do not wed that tary Sailor.
 For to marry you are too young,
 And a Sailor has a flattering tongue,
 So out of my presence I pray begone,
 And do not wed that tary Sailor.

'Tis up came Jack as brisk as a bee,
 And said to his dear lovely Nancy,
 He said, your love is come on shore,
 Your joy and only fancy.

'Tis I have been where cannons roar,
 And oft times fac'd the daring foe,
 So, will you have me? aye or no,
 And wed your tary Sailor.

Do you think, old man, he says,
 That I have got money plenty,
 Or do you think, old man, he says,
 That I court with pockets empty.

Five hundred guineas of bright gold
 Down upon the table he told,
 He poured it into her apron fold,
 Take that and Jack your Sailor.

When that the old man he saw
 That Jack behav'd so clever,
 He said, 'tis a pity to part,
 And part you shall never;

For since you have freed your store,
 And you each other do adore,
 Take her Jack, here's as much more,
 For you are a clever Sailor.

O now I am got safe on shore,
 And have got fairly married,
 'Tis gold and silver I have in store,
 And I will drink her health in claret.
 My ship she shall be rigged out right,
 With every thing to my delight,
 For I intend to go on board this night,
 And prove myself a Sailor.

The Whale.

IT was in the year of ninety-four,
 in March the twentieth day,
 Our gallant tars their anchors weigh'd,
 and for sea they bore away, brave boys,
 And for sea, &c.
 Speedient was our Captain's name,
 our ship was the Lion bold,
 And we have gone to sea, brave boys,
 to face the storm and the cold,
 To face the storm, &c.
 When that we came to the cold country,
 where the frost and the snow did lie,
 Where the frost and the snow, & the whale-
 fish so blue,
 and the day light's never gone, brave boys,
 And the day light's, &c.
 Our Boatswain, on the top-mast so high,
 with his spy-glass in his hand,

A whale, a whale, a whale he did cry,
and she blows at ev'ry span, brave boys,
And she blows, &c.

Our Captain on the quarter-deck did stand,
and a clever little man was he,
Overhaul, overhaul, let the wind-tackle fall,
and launch your boats so free, brave boys,
And launch, &c.

There's harpooners and line-coilers, and
line-colecks also,
there's boat-steerers, and sailors brave,
To the whale, where she blows, brave boys,
To the whale, &c.

We struck the whale, and away she went,
casting a flourish with her tail,
But, oh! and alas! we lost one man,
and we did not kill that whale, brave boys,
And we did not, &c.

When that the news to our Captain came,
a sorrowful man was he,
For the losing of his 'prentice boy,
and down his colours drew, brave boys,
And down, &c.

Now, my lads, don't be amaz'd,
for the losing of one man,
For fortune it will take its place,
let a man do all he can, brave boys. -- Let, &c.

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